Jim Bishop: Reporter

A Glass Eye Never, Never Cries

The interne stood at the foot of the bed with the nurse. He looked young and handsome in his starched whites. The nurse was plump. She held the chart and looked at the old lady in the bed. "It's strange," the interne said. "She's 84. She responded to dicumerol. She's well, but she's not well." The old lady stared at the ceiling. She had a glass eye and she could see only one side of the room.

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The little house was bright with lights. In the kitchen, the young women arranged the sweet buns on a big platter and put up some rolled ham and seeded rolls. The smell of coffee seeped through the rooms. "Come on," Lois yelled to the men, "sit down."

The husbands came out to the kitchen slowly, looking for places to sit, dragging the chairs around the big kitchen table. The women sat with them and Lois poured the steaming coffee and set her silver creamer and sugar bowl to impress her brothers. There was some stirring and big hands reached for the buns and small conversation.

Lois set her coffee on the drain-board and sat on the small ladder stool. "We have to think of something for momma," she said. "Joe said I should call all of us together for a talk."

The eating slowed. Nobody wanted to be the first to talk. Joe coughed. "We'd take her," he said, "but Lois says we ain't got the room."

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"Well," Lois said, "I have to consider my own family too. Joe never got along good with momma." The sentence hung in the air. Joe, a big man who sat spread-legged and who wheezed, tried to look defensive. The oldest son, Robbie, flicked his thinning hair. "She loaned him three hundred once," he said.

"We're not going to bring that up forever," said Joe. "She got her money." The second son, Timothy, smiled vaguely. "This is no place for argument," he said. "We're all in the same boat. Momma is in the hospital and they want to send her home. Now what? We have a big house, but we got four children too. If Helen and me has to take care of momma too—and believe me, she's going to take a lot of care—then we're sunk." His wife, a tiny, skinny blonde,

JIM BISHOP
. . . reporter

looked up from her coffee. "I'd quit." she said, "I couldn't take it."

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Johnny was the youngest and he said that he didn't make enough money. Besides, his wife worked and, even though they had no children, who would be there to watch momma all day? Lois was always the strongest of the four and she said that it was obvious that no one could take care of momma, and she wasn't going to argue about it, but what could they do with her?

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"I don't like to talk about institutions," said Robbie, as he wiped the powdered sugar from the corners of his mouth, "but what else is left? Friend of mine works for the county and he says the old folks get the best of care. They even have movies that we don't see."

"Life is life," Joe said, his hands outspread. "We all have to face it. If there's no place for momma, then there's no place. She can't walk with phlebitis. Her mind wanders. Half the time, she doesn't know what shes doing. She's better off in a place where she'll get good care."

"Do they charge?" Helen said. She and Timothy were paying off a mortgage. Robbie shook his head. "All we have to do is to get momma to take a pauper's oath and the county does the rest."

They sat around the table, agreeing with one another. They finished the buns, and John's wife said she had to be up at six, and the group broke up slowly. "Anyway," said Lois, "we're all thinking of momma's own good. Maybe we all ought to go up to see her Saturday. I don't want to have to be the one to do the dirty work."

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Joe said that they could all meet in the hospital lobby at 1 o'clock.

They kissed goodbye and hunched into the collars of their coats. The four children and their mates had come to a decision without an argument.

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In the hospital, the interne checked the old lady's chart and smiled down at the nurse. "I learn something every day," he said. "I just found out that a glass eye doesn't cry."

U.K. Clerics To Learn TV

BIRMINGHAM, England (AP) — British clergymen are going to be trained in TV. They will study the kind of people who watch TV, lighting, design and camera technique. School will be run by a company that provides programs for the commercial TV network.

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Speed Made the Difference

These two tires are the same age, same brand, driven the same distance on identical cars over the same roads for the same distance. What wore the left one out while the other was still in fine condition after 19,200 miles, was the speed. One at left went 9,200 miles at 65 miles an hour, 5,000 at 70 and another 5,000 miles at 75. One on right went whole distance at 60.

The Car Corner

He Limped 500 Miles On Half an Engine

By J. T. JONES

A couple of months ago, my brother drove from Toronto to Winnipeg in a hurry in his Karmann-Ghia. Such a trip should never happen.

In the wilds of northern Minnesota, in the dead of night, with no houses to be seen, let alone garages, a badly-adjusted exhaust valve broke.

My brother couldn't stop because he figured he'd never get started again and it was 10 below, so he pressed on ruthlessly, with exhaust flames lighting up the deep snowbanks on either side behind him and an anvil chorus mounting steadily from the engine.

NEVER STOPPED

During the course of the next 500 miles—he never stopped—the intake valve on that cylinder went, the heat and pounding warped the cylinder head, the valves on the other cylinder on that side burned out, the two pistons broke, the connecting rod bearings seized and bent, the cylinder walls were chopped horribly, the camshaft lobes were ground circular, and most of the oil leaked out.

He limped into Winnipeg on two cylinders, barely able to keep going in second gear—but still moving. The local Volkswagen dealer put a mechanic to work all night, and by morning he had simply junked the entire right-hand side of the engine, all but the crankshaft and crankcase. Total bill: $185.

I personally pulled the starter for the first time that morning, and the engine caught the first try and ran like a watch.

There's a postscript. On the way back the same week, he was just nicely into Wisconsin when a blizzard started that dumped 22 inches of snow overnight. He drove through it all night, sometimes passing snowplows and sometimes meeting them going the other way with the road drifting in 100 yards behind them. He arrived in Toronto with a fierce kink in his neck from peering forward through the snow all night, but he was never stuck once. Didn't even have snowtires.

You want to challenge? Try to convince him there's a better car than he's got.

★ ★ ★

There's been a lot of talk lately about higher speed limits. Some of it makes sense and some doesn't.

The outstanding contribution to the discussion came from Washington, where the U.S. government reported after a detailed study of billions of car-miles that accidents were fewest on wide, well-designed highways at speeds in the vicinity of 70 miles an hour. As speeds rose from 40 to 70, they found, accidents decreased. Above 70, they went up again.

Nobody so far has suggested that B.C. set its speed limit at 70, and I don't either. In the first place, 70 is an uneconomical speed (see picture) and in the second place, B.C. highways aren't the wide, multi-lane limited-access turnpikes now spreading across the U.S.

It's doubtful if many of them ever will be, in view of our rather uneven topography.

On the other hand, I feel 50 is too low, partly because of modern roads and cars, and partly because many drivers are well capable of higher speeds and tend to let their attention wander if held to 50.

This should be emphasized—the big danger in highway travel comes not when cars are cruising along at uniform speeds on their own side of the road. It comes when some want to go fast and others want to go slow—and the passing and road-hogging and other evils begin.

Studies in New England have shown that the big majority of drivers will settle on the right speed for any given set of road conditions, and when the legal, posted speed limit is about what the majority choose, accidents drop dramatically—by as much as 75 per cent—because a reasonable speed limit will bring the creepers up toward it, and the wild men won't be so tempted to jump out of line.

And so the problem boils down to this—what is a reasonable speed limit, not for a super-highway but for the roads we have right now? It seems to me that 60 is just right for our best roads. Above that would be pushing things; below it we suffer from the problems of wool-gathering, excessive passing, and the distractions of watching the rear-view mirror for police cars.

As I've said before, there is no excuse for having the same speed limit on a wide, paved road as on a narrow gravel one, but we do. Nor should the speed limit on north Douglas be the same as on Sylvan Lane—but it is.

Off the Record — By Jim Taylor

Worst Trash of All Time

Last week a Seattle radio station refused to play a record called "Three Stars." A man who hasn't heard it wants to know why.

Probably, sir, it was taken off the air because it is nothing but pure, unadulterated trash, an all-time low in poor taste, and one of the most disgusting collections of sacrilegious material it has ever been my misfortune to hear.

It is another so-called "tribute" to Richie Valens, Buddy Holly and Big Bopper, the three rock 'n' roll stars killed in a recent plane crash—another lap in Tip Pan Alley's never-ending race for a fast buck.

Song writers always try to get rich on tragedy. A friend tells me that when Rudolph Valentino died a waltz called "There's a New Star Star in Heaven" was penned in saccharine praise of the great lover, and became a great hit.

A disc jockey named Tommy Dee is following the same pattern for his hit. The three new stars in the sky supposedly represent Valens, Holly and J. P. Richardson, the Big Bopper.

Dee doesn't sing. He just speaks in reverently hushed tones about the deceased, one verse for each. Between verses a chorus sobs "Gee, we're gunna miss you, everybody sends their love."

Try a few sample lyrics:

"On the left stands Ritchie Valens, a young man only 17 . . . Why did God call him now, oh so far away? Maybe to help some boy or girl who might have gone astray. . . .

"On the right stands Buddy Holly, with a shy grin on his face. Funny how you always noticed that one curl out of place. . . . Buddy's singing for God now, in his chorus in the sky. Buddy Holly, we'll always remember you with tears in our eyes.

"In the middle stands a stout man, the Big Bopper is his name. Now God has called him, perhaps to new fortune and fame. . . . And how can we ever forget those wonderful words 'I know what I like!'"

There, sir, are the three main reasons why this record won't be heard on one radio station. Summed up, they stand for lyrics that simply don't fit in with accepted radio programming. Other stations

CONWAY TWITTY
. . . a sort of fat Elvis

should follow suit, and in this opinion the record should be pulled from the market.

There is no excuse for such a record, except that it makes money. For that reason alone, there will be others like it. If they thought it would sell, they'd probably do one of Valens, Holly and Richardson answering back from that chorous in the sky.

They'd probably call it "Somebody Down There Likes Us."

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NEW RELEASES: The Kingston Trio has put out an EP recording of four songs—"Sally", "Raspberries, Strawberries", "Scarlet Ribbons", and "Ruby Red" . . . **Conway Twitty,** who has been described as a sort of fat Elvis Presley, has released his first album, and the result is surprisingly good . . . **Johnny Cash** has a new hit on Columbia, "Frankie's Man Johnny" . . . Have heard everything now. There's actually a rock 'n' roll version of "Goodnight Irene" on the market.

Big Resort Planned

SEATTLE (AP)—Plans have been announced for a $3,000,000 development at the 45-year-old Alderbrook resort on Hood Canal, including a 70-room hotel, ballroom and convention hall, extensive boat moorage, heated swimmig pool, golf course and an air field.

400 Fined at UBC

'Panty Raiders' Pay the Penalty

VANCOUVER (CP) — University of British Columbia authorities have levied a mass fine on 400 male students following a rash of "pantie raids" on the campus.

A university spokesman said Saturday the students, who live in a residential section of the university known as Fort Camp, were assessed $2 each as a deterrent against further misbehavior.

Some students have protested that the mass levy is unfair but no formal complaint has been laid by the Fort Camp students' council, said university public relations officer Jim Banham.

He said about a dozen students were involved in the raids on two women's residences late in March and early this month. Apart from two broken windows, little damage was done.

Mr. Banham said clothing was taken from bathrooms in which the girls hung clothes to dry.

He blamed the raids on "spring, tension over examinations and a general deterioration of camp discipline.

Gaglardi to Open Travel Network

VANCOUVER—A proposed arterial road and bridge network for B.C. Lower Mainland will be unveiled Monday by Highways Minister Gaglardi.

CPA Hopeful in Talks To Keep Pacific Run

MELBOURNE (Reuters) — Canadian Pacific Airlines official is hopeful that CPA will be able to maintain its weekly Vancouver-Sydney service following talks here with Australian officials.

ANCIENT SITE

Augsberg in West Germany dates its history back to 15 BC when the Romans built a fort at the strategic location.

PTA Activities

Mental Health Group Topic

Central Junior High School PTA will see the film "Problem Children," shown by Harvey Mickelson, director of mental health for Greater Victoria schools, at a meeting at the school at 8 p.m. Tuesday. A question and answer period will follow.

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A general meeting of Cloverdale PTA will be held in the school at 8 p.m. Monday at which a moderator and panel will answer questions concerning PTA and its functions.

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Royal Oak Junior Senior High School PTA will hear a report on the Easter convention by Mrs. R. G. MacDonald and will view a film on the visit of Princess Margaret to B.C., at a meeting at 8 p.m. on Monday.

Members of Victoria West PTA will meet Tuesday night to hear a report of the B.C. convention and witness a film, "The Teens".

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Dr. Clifford Carl, curator of the Provincial Museum, will give an illustrated lecture on "Backyard Explorations" at the meeting of the Tillicum School PTA at 8 p.m. Monday in the school.

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Plans for future activities will be discussed at a meeting of Happy Valley PTA Monday at 8 p.m. in the school. The group plan a sports day for May 15 and a spring tea May 28.

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A film will be shown at the regular meeting of Colquitz Junior High School PTA Tuesday at 8 p.m. in the school.

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McKenzie Avenue PTA will meet at McKenzie Avenue school at 8 p.m. on Monday.

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Discussion of school activities will highlight a meeting of Lansdowne Junior High School PTA, Monday at 8 p.m. in the school.

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